## By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

lieve she's a steer anyway."

"Shucks," said the country boy, con-

temptuously. "You do' know a steer

CHAPTER V.

Turning on the Hose.

shrieked Billy, pointing to what looked to him like a big snake colled

"Snake, nothing!" sneered his com-

panion, "that's a hose. You all time

got to call a hose a snake. Come on

let's sprinkle," and Jimmy sprang out

of the swing, jerked up the hose and

dragged it to the hydrant. "My mam-

ma don't never 'low me to sprinkle

with her hose, but Miss Minerva she's

Billy followed, watched his compan

turn the water on. There was a hiss

ing, gurgling sound and a stream o

water shot out, much to the rapture of

"Won't Aunt Minerva care?" he

asked, anxiously. "Is she a real 'ligious

"She is the Christianest woman

they is," announced the other child.

"Come on, we'll sprinkle the street-

and I don't want nobody to get in our

"I wish Wilkes Booth Lincoln could

see us," said Miss Minerva's nephew.

A big, fat negress, with a bundle

of clothes tied in a red table cloth

on her head, came waddling down the

Billy looked at Jimmy and giggled

Jimmy looked at Billy and giggled;

then, the latter took careful aim and

a stream of water hit the old woman

yelled, as she backed off. "I's a-gwine

to tell yo' pappy, Jimmy Garner," as

she recognized one of the culprits.

"P'int dat ar hose 'way f'om me, 'fo'

I make yo' ma spank yuh slabsided. I

got to git home an' wash. Drap it, I

buggles in which reposed two enor-

mous rag-bables were seen approach-

"That's Lina Hamilton and France

Billy took a good look at them.

"They's goin' to be my chums, too,"

"Your chums, nothing!" angrily

You all time trying to claim my

chums. I can't have nothing a tall

'thout you got to stick your mouth in.

You 'bout the selfishest boy they is.

You want everything I got, all time."

and Jimmy halled them gleefully, for

he shricked, "and we can have the

to live with Miss Minerva and she's

done gone uptown and don't care if

we sprinkle, 'cause she's got so much

"But you know none of us are al

"But it's so much fun," said Jimmy

"and Miss Minerva she's so Christian

she ain't going to raise much of a

rough house, and if she do we can

"I can't run," said Billy; "I ain't

"If that ain't just like you, Billy,

bout you ain't got nowhere to run to;

you don't want nobody to have no fun

You bout the picayunest boy they is."

as "Goose-Grease," dressed in a cas

Little Ikey Rosenstein, better known

off suit of his big brother's, with his

father's hat set rakishly back on his

"Yonder comes Goose-Grease Rosen

stein," said Jimmy gleefully. "When

"All right," agreed Billy, his good

he's a Jew and the Bible says not to

baptize Jews. You got to mesmerize

em. How come me to know so

much?" he continued condescendingly.

'Miss Cecilia teached me in the Sun-

day school. Sometimes I know so

chillens and forbid them not,' and 'bout

'Ananias telled Sapphira he done it

cracker-jack; she's 'bout the stylish

"Twas the cow jumped over the

moon," said Frances, "and it isn't in

"And Elijah went to heaven in

"And I know all 'bout Gabr'el," con-

est Sunday school teacher they is."

the Bible: it's in 'Mother Goose.

charlot of fire.' corrected Lina.

run when we see her coming."

got nowhere to run to an'-

lowed to use a hose," objected Lina.

The little girls were now quite near

Come on Lina, you and Frances.

Billy here's done come

Black," said Jimmy, "they're my

Two little girls rolling two doll

"Who dat? What's yo' doin'?" she

squarely in the face.

tell yuh!"

chums.

he said, calmly.

mostest fun.

'ligion."

the astonished Billy.

'oman?"

way neither."

"Look! Ain't that a snake?"

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

"Ain't she a peach?" asked Jimmy. "She's my sweetheart and she is 'bout the swellest sweetheart they is." "She's mine, too," promptly replied

Billy, who had fallen in love at first sight. "I's a-goin' to have her fer my sweetheart, too."

"Naw, she ain't yours, neither; she's mine," angrily declared the other little boy, kicking his rival's legs. "You all time talking bout you going to have Miss Cecilia for your sweetheart. She's done already promised me."

"I'll tell you what," proposed Billy, "lemme have her an' you can have in the yard. Aunt Minerve " "I wouldn't have Miss Minerva

save your life," replied Jimmy disrespectfully, "her nake ain't no bigger'n that," making a circle of his thumb and forefinger. "Miss Cecilia, Miss Cecilia," he shricked tantalizingly, "is my sweetheart."

so good I don' reckon she'll care," he "I' betcher I have her fer a sweetheart soon as ever I see her," said cried mendaciously. "What's your name?" asked Jimmy ion screw the hose to the faucet and

presently. "Aunt Minerva says it's William

Green Hill, but 'tain't, it's jest plain Billy," responded the little boy. "Ain't God a nice, good old man,"

remarked Billy, after they had swung in silence for a while, with an evident desire to make talk.

"That he is," replied Jimmy, enthusiastically. "He's 'bout the forgivingest person ever was. I just couldn't get 'long at all 'thout him. It don't make no differ'nce what you do or how many times you run off, all you got to do is just ask God to forgive you and tell him you're sorry and ain't going to do so no more, that night when you say your prayers, and it's sidewalk. all right with God. S'posing he was one of these wants-his-own-way kind o' mans, he could make hi'self the troublesomest person ever was, and little boys couldn't do nothing a tail. I sure think a heap of God. He ain't never give me the worst of it yet." "I wonder what he looks like,"

mused Billy. "I s'pec' he just looks like the three headed glant in 'Jack the Giant Kill-er,'" explained Jimmy, "'cause he's got three heads and one body. His heads are name' Papa, Son and Holy Ghost, and his body is just name plain God. Miss Cecilia 'splained it all to me and she is 'bout the splendidest 'splainer they is. She's my Sun-

day school teacher." "She's goin' to be my Sunday school teacher, too," said Billy, serenely. "Yours nothing; you all time want

my Sunday school teacher." "Jimmee!" called a voice from the interior of the house in the next cried Jimmy, swelling up pompously.

"Somebody's a-callin' you," said Billy.

"That ain't nobody but mamma," explained Jimmy composedly.
"Jimmee-ee!" called the voice. "Don't make no noise," warned that

little boy; "maybe she'll give up getful of his anger; "You Jimmee!" his mother called

again. Jimmy made no move to leave swing.

"I don't never have to go 'less she says 'James Lafayette Garner,' then I got to hustle." he remarked.

"Jimmy Garner!" "She's mighty near got me," he said softly; "but maybe she'll get tired and won't call no more. She ain't plumb mad vet."

"James Garner!" "It's coming now," said Jimmy dole-

The two little boys sat very still

and quiet.

"James Lafayette Garner!"

The younger child sprang to his "I got to get a move on now," "when she calls like that she enid:

means business. I betcher she's got a switch and a hair brush and a slip per in her hand right this minute I'll be back toreckly," he promised. He was as good as his word, and in off. a very short time he was sitting again

facing Billy in the swing. "She just wanted to know where her embroid'ry scissors was," he ex- hop.

plained. "It don't matter what's lost in that house, I'm always the one that's got to be 'sponsible and all time good." got to go look for it." "Did you find 'em?" asked Billy.

Yep: I went right straight where I left 'em yeste'day. I had 'em wylng to cut a piece of wire. I stole off and went down to Sam Lamb's house this morning and tooken breakfast with him and his old woman, Sukey," he boasted.

"I knows Sam Lamb," said Billy. "I rode up on the bus with him." "He's my partner," remarked Jimmy, "He's mine too," said Billy, quickly.

"No, he ala't neither; you all time talking 'bout you going to have Sam Lamb for a partner. You want every- in the Bible. Miss Cecilia sure is a the hose because I did not think you thing I got. You want Miss Cecilia and you want Sam Lamb. Well, you just ain't a-going to have 'em. You got to get somebody else for your partner and sweetheart."

'Well, you jest wait an' see," said "I got Major Minerva." 'Shucks, they ain't no major same

that away," and Jimmy changed the tinued Jimmy, unabashed. "When subject."Sam Lamb's sow's got seven folks called him to blow his trumpet FINEST PIECE OF PORCELAIN

Ikey was quite near by this time to

of water full upon him.

Frances, Lina and Billy clapped with a terrified and angry shrick hour between the sheets. their hands and laughed for joy. their victim, dripping water at every step, ran howling by his tormentors. When he reached a safe distance he turned around, shook a fist at them and screamed back:

little pigs. He let me see 'em suck.' "My papa is going to have you all said Sam Lamb's partner proudly. arrested and locked up in the cala-"He's got a cow, too; she's got the boose." worrisimest horns ever was. I be

"Calaboose, nothing!" jeered Jimmy. "You all the time wanting to put somebody in the calaboose 'cause they mesmerize you. You got to be mesmerwhen you see one; you can't milk no fixed 'cause it's in the Bible."

A short, stout man, dressed in neat black clothes, was coming toward saw the contents of the box.

them. "Oh, that's the major!" screamed Billy delightedly, taking the hose and squaring himself to greet his friend of his hand, before either of them noticed him turning about, as if for

"You ain't got the sense of a oneeyed tadpole, Billy," he said. "That's tweep, so you may grow up a com-Miss Minerva's beau. He's been lov- fort to me." ing her more'n a million years. My Miss Minerva, and Miss Minerva she and he scowled darkly. just turns up her nose at anything that wears pants. You better not sprinkle him. He's been to the war and he's name' Major 'cause he's a Confed'rit vetrun. He went to the war when he ain't but fourteen." "Did he have on long pants?" asked

Billy. "I call him Major Minerva-" "Gladys Maude's got the pennyskeeters," broke in Frances importantly, fussing over her baby, "and I'm oing to see Doctor Sanford. Don't ou think she looks pale, Jimmy?"

"Pale, nothing!" sneered the little "Girls got to all time play their dolls are sick. Naw; I don't know nothing a tall 'bout your Gladys Mande.

Lina gazed up the street. That looks like Miss Minerva to e 'way up yonder," she remarked. "I sharply. think we had better get away from

here before she sees us.'

he was under the haystack fast daytime, Aunt Minerva; me Wilkes Booth Lincoln ain't never went to bed in the daytime since we's born, command the attention of the four an' I ain't never tear tell of a real 'ligious 'oman a-puttin' a little boy in bed 'fore it's dark; an' I sin't never velled Jimmy, as he turned the stream a-going to meddle with yo' ole hose

"Tell me bout Pilierk Peter.

rogation in her voice.

"Piljerk Peter?" there was an inter

bout Piljerk Peter? He had fifteen

chillens an' one time the las' one of

the fever an' he ain't got but one

to pick the cotton an' he can't git no

an' let the bigges' chile swaller it an'

draw it back up an' let the nex chile

back up an' let the nex'-"

Now listen, while I read to you."

"Gems for the Household," which she

book-agent. She selected an article

Billy listened with a seemingly at-

was busy with its own thoughts. The

article closed with the suggestion that

"If you have a conscience clear,

And God's commands you keep;

If your heart is good and pure,

"What people sleep the soundest?"

ne thought of the long summer days

She was disappointed, but not dis-

"Now. William," she admonished

'I'm going to read you another piece,

and I want you to tell me about it,

when I get through. Pay strict atten-

She chose an article describing the

keen sense of smell in animals. Miss

Minerva was not an entertaining

reader and the words were long and

fairly incomprehensible to the little

boy sitting patiently at her side.

Again his thoughts wandered, though

"What animals have the keenest

without the slightest hesitation.

silence, "and I want you to say a les

As he rose from his knees he

"No-o," answered his relative, hes-

"Well, it look like He'd jest hafter

white chillens; I reckon He gits some

CHAPTER VII.

Rabbits' and Other Eggs.

Billy was sitting in the swing. Jim-

my crawled over the fence and joined

"Miss Cecilia's dyeing me some

Easter eggs," he said, "all blue and

pink and green and relluh and every

kind they is; I tooken her some of

our hen's eggs and she is going to fix

'em for me an' they'll be just like

rabbit's eggs; I reckon I'll have 'bout

a million. I'll give you one," he added

"I want more'r one, declared Billy

who was used to having the lion's

"You all time talking bout you

want more'n one egg." said Jimmy.

You bout the stinglest Peter they

is. Ain't you got no eggs? Get Miss

I'll take 'em over and ask Miss Ce-

cilla to dye 'em for you 'cause you

ain't 'quainted with her yet."

Minerva to give you some of hers and.

word about billy goats."

it's a skunk."

son every day."

stands fer apple."

knee with:

Minerva?"

generously.

share of everything.

"Yas'm." he readily agreed.

and the colored folk on the plantation.

You will have a perfect sleep.

had just read she askel:

ouraged.

would have a dreamless sleep:

outer that pill."

in Heart."

But Miss Minerva was obdurate

CHAPTER VI.

Successful Strategy. "I have a present for you," said his aunt, handing Billy a tong, rectangu-

lar package. "Thank you, ma'am," said her beaming nephew as he sat down on the floor, all eager anticipation, and began to until the string. His charming, changeful face was bright and happy again, but his expression became one of indignant amaze as he "What I want with a doll?" he

asked angrily, "I ain't no girl." "I think every little boy should have a doll and learn to make of the train, but Jimmy jerked it out clothes for it," said Miss Minerva. "I don't want you to be a great, rough boy; I want you to be sweet and gentle like a little girl; I am going to teach you how to sew and cook and give it to his ole 'oman an' she swaller

This was a gloomy forecast for the mamma says he ain't never going to little boy accustomed, as he had been, marry nobody a tall 'thout he can get to the freedom of a big plantation,

"Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln ain't never hafter play with no dolls sence we's born," he replied sullenly, "we and got his big toe shot off. He kilt goes in swimmin' an' plays baseball. bout a million Injuns and Yankees I can knock a home-run an' pitch a curve an' ketch a fly. Why don't you gimme a baseball bat? I already got a ball what Admire! Farragut gimme. An' I ain't a-goin' to be no sissy neither. Lina an' Frances plays dolls, me an' Jimmy-" he stopped in sudden confusion.

"Lina and Frances and James!" exclaimed his aunt, "What do you know about them, William?"

The child's face flushed. "I seen em this mornin'," he acknowledged. Miss Minerva put a hand on either shoulder and looked straight into his

"William, who started that sprink ling this morning?" she questioned

Billy flushed guiltly and lowered his lids; but only for an instant. Quick-Two little girls rolling doll buggies ly recovering his composure he re-



A Stream of Water Hit the Old Woman in the Face.

fairly flew down the street and one | turned her gaze steadily and ignored little boy quickly climbed to the top of the dividing fence. From this safe vantage point he shouted to Billy, who was holding the nozzle of the hose out of which poured a stream of water.

"You'd better turn that water off 'cause Miss Minerva's going to be interrupted Jimmy, "all time talking madder'n a green persimmon. "I do' know how to," said Billy for-

levnly. "You turnt it on." "Drop the hose and run to the hydrant and twist that little thing at the tov," screamed Jimmy. "You all time got to perpose someping to get little head and over his ears, was coming boys in trouble anyway," he added un-

proudly down the street some distance generously. "You perposed this yo'self," clared an indignant Billy. "You said 'ligious she Aunt Minerva's so would'nt git mad."

he gets right close le's make him "Christian woman's can get just as mad as any other kind," declared the other boy, sliding from his perch on numor restored. "le's baptize him the fence and running across the lawn "Oh we can't baptize him." ex-

claimed the other little boy, "'cause steps. Holding her skirts nearly up to her knees Miss Minerva stepped gingerly along the wet and muddy street till she got to her gate, where her nephew met her, looking a little guilty. but still holding his head up with that much I feel like I'm going to bust characteristic, manly air which was She teached me bout Scuffle little

so attractive. "William," she said sternly, "I see you have been getting into mischief, with his little hatchet,' and 'bout and I feel it my duty to punish you. 'Lijah jumped over the moon in a so that you may learn to be trust utomobile. I know everything what's worthy. I said nothing to you about would know how to use it."

Billy remained silent. He did not want to betray his little companions of the morning, so he said nothing in his own defense.

"Come with me into the house," continued his aunt, "you must go to bed at once.

But the child protested vigorously.
"Don't make me go to bed in the

her question. "I see yo' beau too, Aunt Minerva,"

he remarked tranquilly. It was Miss Minerva this time who lost her composure, for her thin, sallow face became perfectly crimson. "My beau?" she asked confusedly. "Who put that nonsense into your

spare please make her three little babies an' let 'em all be girls so's she head? can learn 'em how to churn an' sew. "Jimmy show him to me" he re-An' bless Aunt Minerva and Major plied fauntily, once more master of Minerva, f'r ever 'nd ever, Amen." the situation and in full realization of the fact. "Why don't you marry asked: "Aunt Minerva, do God work him, Aunt Minerva, so's he could live on Sunday?" right here with us? An' I could learn him how to churn. I s'pec' he'd make a beautiful churner. He sho' is a pret tatingly ty little fat man," he continued flat-teringly. "An' dress? That beau was work on Sunday, He's so busy jest s-makin' bables. He makes all the test dressed plumb up to the top n'ggers an' heathens an' Injuns an' notch. I sho' would marry him if I's body to help him. Don't you, Aunt

you an' sot turn up my nose at him 'cause he wears pants an' you can learn him how to talk properer'n what be do an' I betcher he'd jest nachelly to disappear behind his own front take to a broom, an' I s'pec' he ain't got nobody 't all to show him how to new. An' yo' all could get the doctor to fetch you a little baby so he wouldn't hafter to play with no doll. I sho' wisht we had him here," ended a selfish Billy, "he could save me a lot of steps. An' I sho' would like to hear 'bout all them Injuns an' Yankees what he's killed "

Billy's aunt was visibly embarrassed.

The persistent admiration of this her one lover, had been pleasing to her, yet she had never been willing to sacrifice her independence for the cares and trials of matrimony. The existing state of affairs between the two was known to every one in the small town, but such was Miss Minerva's dignified aloofness that Billy was the first person who had ever dared to broach the subject to her. "Sit down here. William," she com-

manded, "and I will read to you." "Tell me a tale," he said, looking up

That usually phiegmatic animal, the ox, is rarely accused of being hysterical, yet M. Salvats, a farmer in the

was hysterical. Without a doubt it "Very badly turned indeed," the president of the court observed. A veterinary surgeon, M. Carmes, went inwitness-box. Evidently the president had not been impressed by court observed: "No more hysterical the explanation of M. Salvats. With a trace of exquisite irony in his voice trouble."

"Aunt Minerya ain't got sone at her with his bright, sweet smile. 'cep'in' what she put under a of ben The doll lay seglected on a chair near by and Billy wanted her to forget it. fer to set this mornin'.

'Can't you get 'em from under the old hen? Miss Minerva is such a Christian woman, she ain't-" "Yas'm. Ain't you never hear tell

"You done fool me bout that ligious business befo'," interrupted Billy, "an' I got put to bed in the day-'em an' his ole 'oman was down with time.' "Well, she wen't never miss two q

pill an' they so sick they mos' bout three eggs," coaxed Jimmy, "How to die an' ain't nobody in the fiel' fer many did she put under the old ben" "She put fifteen," was the response, doctor an' he sin't got but jest that "an' I don't believe she'd want me to one pill; se he tie that pill to a string tech 'em."

"They're 'bout the prettiest eggs ever was," continued the tempter, "all swaller it an' jerk it back up an' let blue and pink and green, and 'bout the nex' chile swaller it an' jerk it a million kinds. They're just perzact ly like rabbit's eggs." "Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln ain't

"I don't believe in telling tales to children," interrupted his aunt, "I will never hear teller no rabbit's eggs tell you biographical and historical sence we's born," said Billy; "I don't stories and stories from the Bible. berlieve rabbits lays eggs nohow. "They don't lay 'em 'cept to East-"An' the nex' chile swaller it an' he

er," said Jimmy, "Miss Cecilia 'splainjerk it back up," continued Billy se- ed it all to me and she's my Sunday renely, "an' the nex' chile swaller it School teacher and rabbits is bound an' he jerk it back up tell finely ev'y to lay eggs 'cause it's in the Bible and single one of 'em, plumb down to the she's 'bout the prettlest 'splainer they baby, swaller that pill an' the las' one is. I'm going over there now to see of em got well an' that one pill it done 'bout my eggs," and he made believe the work. Then be tuck the pill and to leave the swing.

"Le's us slip roun' to the hen-house it an' he jerk it back up but didn't an' see what the ol' hen's a coin'. suggested the sorely tempted Billy. nothin' 't all come up but jest the "Aunt Minerva is a-makin' me some string an' his ole 'oman she died night-shirts an' she ain't takin' no co-'cause all the strenk done gone tice of nothin' else." They tiptoed stealthly around the Miss Minerva opened a book called

house to the back-yard, but found the had purchased from a silver-tongued hen-house door locked. "Can't you get the key?" asked the

the subject of which was "The Pure younger child. "Naw, I can't," replied the other boy, "but you can git in th'oo thistentive ear to the choice flow of here little hole what the chickens words, but in reality his little brain goes in at, whiles I watches for Aunt Minerva. I'll stand right here an' hol' my cap while you fetches me the eggs. An' don't you take more'n five if one were innocent and pure he or six." he warned.

"I'm skeered of the old hen." ob jected Jimmy. "Is she much of a pecker?" "Naw, she ain't a-goin' to hurt you."

was the encouraging reply. "Git up an' crawl th'oo; I'll help you." Billy's aunt concluded. Wishing to Billy, having overcome his scruples know if he had understood what she

now entered into the undertaking with great zest. Jimmy climbed the chicken ladder "Niggers," was his prompt reply, as

kicked his chubby legs through the aperture, hung suspended on his fat little middle for an instant, and finally, with much panting and tugging, wriggled his plump, round body into the hen-house. He walked over where a lonesome looking ben was sitting patiently on a nest. He put out a cautious hand and the hen promptly gave it a vicious peck.

"Billy," he called angrily, "you go to come in here and hold this old chicken; she's 'bout the terriblest pecker they is." Billy stuck his head in the little square hole. "Go at her from behind,"

he suggested; "put yo' hand under her easy like, an' don' let her know every now and then he caught a word what you's up to." Jimmy tried to follow these instructions, but received another peck for

sense of smell, William?" was her his pains. He promptly mutinied. query at the conclusion of her read-"If you want any eggs," he declared, scowling at the face framed in "Billy goats," was Billy's answer the aperture, "you can come get 'em yourself. I done monkeyed with this "You have goats on the brain," she

chicken all I'm going to." So Billy climbed up and easily got said in anger. "I did not read one his lean little body through the open-"Well, if 'tain't a billy goat," he ing. He dexterously caught the hen replied, "I do' know what 'tis' thout by the nape of the neck, as he had seen Aunt Cindy do, while Jimmy

"I bought you a little primer this orning," she remarked after a short side on the groun'," said Billy, "What

we goin' to put the eggs in?" "I already knows a lot," he boasted. "Well, that's just like you, Billy, Tabernicle, he an' Mercantile both you all time got to leave your cap on been to school an' they learnt me an' the ground. I'll put 'em in my blouse Wilkes Booth Lincoln. I knows till you get outside and then I'll hand crooked S, an' broken back K, an' 'em to you. How many you going to

curly tail Q. an' roun' O, an' I can take? spell cat cat, an' d-o-g dog an' A "We might just as well git 'em all now." said Billy. "Aunt Cindy say they's some kinder bens won't lay no That night he concluded his ever lengthy prayer at his kinswoman's chickens 't all if folks put they hands in they nests an' this here hen look "O Lord, please make for Aunt like to me she's one of them kind, so Minerva a little baby, make her two the rester the eggs 'll jest be waste, of 'em. O Lord, if you got 'em to any how, 'cause you done put yo'

han's in her nes', an' a dominicker ain't a-goin' to stan' no projeckin' with her eggs. Hurry up. Jimmy carefully distributed the eggs inside his blouse, and Billy once more crawled through the hole and stood on the outside waiting, cap in

hand, to receive them.

But the patient ben had at last raised her voice in angry protest and set up a furious cackling, which so frightened the little boy on the inside that he was panic-stricken. He caught hold of a low roost pole, swung himself up and, wholly unmindful of his blouse full of eggs, pushed his lower A pair of chubby, sturdy legs, down which were slowly trickling little yellow rivulets, and half a plump, round body were all that would go through.

"Pull!" yelled the owner of the short fat legs. "I'm stuck and can't go no furder. Pull me th'oo, Billy." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

None for Him, Thank You. Representatives Hughes and Kinkead of New Jersey and Cravens of Arkansas, wits of the house, had just returned from the funeral of a col-They were discussing the league. pomp and publicity of a congressional 'I do not want such a funeral, do

you, 'Gene?" said Mr. Hughes to Mr. Kinkead. "No, Billy, I do not care to be put away with so much display. about you, Ben?" said Mr. Kinkead.

turning to Mr. Cravens. "I don't want any funeral," respon ed the southerner, dryly.—Washing-con Correspondence in New York World.

answer a recent charge of sending he asked the witness; "May one know

which may be brought about my bysteria in an ox. The learned discourse had its effect, for the tribunal ac quitted M. Salvats, who, as he left the court observed: "No more bysterical

## **Doctor Advised** Resinol for Eczema

A Stubborn Case, Relief at

Mrs. V. A. Collins, McSherrystown, Pa., tells a story that will interest every suf-ferer from itching, burning skin troubles. She writes:
"We had a rather atubborn case of

"We had a rather atubborn case of the advice of my physician, I immediately procured a jar of Resinol Ofiniment and a cake of Resinol Soap, which I found gave relief at once, and finally effected a perfect cure. Of Resinol Soap I cannot speak highly enough. I think it invalu-able in the home, especially among the children."

And as if in confirmation, comes this letter from Mrs. W. A. Lucan, Montclare, S. C. "My little habe was a great sufferer from eczema of the scalp. I used Resinol Clintment regularly for about two months, and it healed her head beautifully."

fully."

Resince Ointment stops itching instantly, and quickly heals evana, rashes, ringworm and facial eruptions, as well as boils, carbuncles, ulcers, burns, scalds, wounds, and itching, inflamed, and bleedtops of the control wounds, and tiching, inflamed, and bleed-ing piles. Resinol Soap is medicated in the same way as Resinol Ointment, and is highly beneficial, used alone or in con-junction with it. Your drugslst recom-mends and sells them (Soap, Sc. Oint-ment, 50c, and \$1.00), but you can get a sample of each on application to Dept. 4K, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A HOT ONE.



Miss Caustique-In her comb?

PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would waken me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the

scratching ordeal again. Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to head it off. I got the Cuti cura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now. I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment.' (Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura." Dept. L. Boston.

It is just as well to remember that woman's shoe laces are almost as easily broken as her heart strings.

That irritable, nervous condition due to a bad liver calls for its natural antidote—Garfield Tea. Man's favorite brand of love is usu-

ally the latest.

## Write For This Free Book-Shows 20 Beautiful Modern Rooms-



effects on your walls. Contains a sample Modastine Book artists will furnish of the Color Plans our you, FREE, for any rooms you wish to decorate.

ahastine The Beautiful Wall Tint

nes in 16 exquisite tinta. More artisti than wall paper or paint at a fraction the cost. Kalsomine colors are harsh a common beside the soft-hued water co tints of Alabastine. Absolutely sanitary easiest and quickest to use, goes furth and will not chip, peel,

Alabastine Compar DON'T FAIL to WRITE

## Old English Teapot That is Worth Than Ten Times Its Weight in Gold.

A teapot which is worth ten times its weight in gold is one of the most remarkable pieces in the famous Trap which has been purchased by Albert

teapot was purchased for nearly £500, and its value now is more than ten times its weight in sovereigns. The augar basin and cover in the

service weigh 57 sovereigns, milk jug and cover 35 sovereigns, and taken all round the service alone will be worth about eight to ten times its weight in

the Bristol factory, received a letter Amor. This teapot weighs about six-teen ounces, equal to fifty-three sov-ereigns. About five years ago the

there, and he requested Champion to send this "porcelain earth" to the Worcester factory to have a few pieces of china made of it.

This gave him the idea to make the china himself, and without a doubt was the commencement of the Bristo factory, the first products of which were made with "American earth." The mug is therefore most interest ing, because it has the silhquette por

This service was made at Bristol and presented to Mrs. Jane Burke by Mr. and Mrs. Champion on Movember 3, 1774, to commemorate her husband's (Edmund Burke) return to parliament as member for Bristol. The covers are beautifully decorated with raised flowers in biscuit china.

Department of the Oise, who had to

tainted beef for sale in Paris, stated if the hysteria of an ox-since there when he appeared in court that the is such a thing as an ox afflicted with mest was not tainted at all. "My ox hysteria corrupts the beef . . . as well as its morals?" The witness dewas because of the temperament of livered a lengthy dissertation upon the animal that the meat turned bad." the troubles, invisible at first sight,